THE BACCHAE

DIONYSUS.

For Dionyse
*Tis well ; for in thy scorn his glory lies,

PENTHEUS *(to his guard).*

Go swift to all the towers, and bar withal
Each gate !

DIONYSUS.

What, cannot God o'erleap a wall ?

PENTHEUS.

Oh, wit thou hast, save where thou
neetlest it I

DIONYSUS.

Whereso it most imports, there is my wit *I*
— •
Nay, peace 1 Abide till he who hasteth from
The mountain side with news for thee, be come.
We will not fly, but wait on thy command,

[Enter suddenly and in haste a Messenger from the Mountain.

Great Penthcus, Lord of" all this The ban land,
I, come from high Kithrurron, where the frore
Snow spangles gleam and cease not evermore. * «

PENTHEUS.

And what of import may thy coming bring ?

I have seen the Wild White Women there, O King,
Whose fleet limbs darted arrow-like but now
From Thebes away, and come to tell thee how